





**A DISHONEST CLERK.****A Young Man Caught Robbing His Employers.****DETECTED IN THE VERY ACT.**

Attempt to Make Way With a Satchel Full of Silverware—How the Theft Was Discovered.

Some three or four months ago a young man named Max Edelthum obtained employment with Messrs. Meyberg Bros., at the Crystal Palace, on Main street. Edelthum came to this city from Sacramento, where he is said to be highly connected, bringing with him first-class recommendations. He was a young man of good address, very neat and dressy in his appearance, and a good salesman, and he soon became very popular in the store. After a month or two, however, several small articles of value, such as silverware, expensive bric-a-brac, etc., began to disappear in a mysterious manner, and it soon became apparent that some one in the employ of the house was making away with them. This sort of thing continued for awhile, and finally suspicion pointed pretty strongly at Edelthum. Mr. Meyberg having detected him in a little crookedness in making a sale, but no one was disposed to accuse him except on positive proof, on account of his social position. A watch was kept on him, however, and yesterday one of the ladies employed in the store detected Edelthum in the act of secreting several articles. She at once told Mr. Meyberg, and when Edelthum left the store a few minutes later he instructed one of the clerks to follow him and see where he went. Edelthum crossed the street to a restaurant, where he had his lunch, and then went to his room above the store. The clerk reported to Mr. Meyberg, when the latter told him to go at once to Edelthum's room, and if necessary to force the door, and see what he had. The clerk did as he was directed, and finding the door locked was about to force an entrance, when it was opened. Just as he entered Edelthum threw a satchel out of the window into the back yard, when the clerk, instead of remaining to see that Edelthum did not get away, left the room and went down stairs to report to the proprietor.

As soon as the coast was clear, Edelthum also came down the steps, and stepped into the store of Scriven & Quinlan, and claimed the satchel, saying that it was his. A boy who had seen him throw it out the window, and picked it up, declined to turn it over, and ordered Edelthum out of the place, when he hurriedly left, making no effort to reclaim his property.

In the meantime, Mr. Meyberg had been notified, and on investigation it was found that the satchel was filled with silverware. About this time, one of the clerks recollects that during the morning Edelthum had displayed a pocketful of coin, and thinking that he intended to leave town, Mr. Meyberg at once notified the Sheriff's office and Police station.

Detective Auble was detailed to look up the case, and, after getting a picture of the fugitive, started out to look him up. It was about time for the Southern Pacific train to pull out for the North, but the officers managed to catch it, and went through all the cars, but Edelthum, if he was on board, managed to give the officer the slip, as he was not discovered. Telegrams were, however, sent up the road by the Sheriff's office, and last evening a reply was received that the young man had been captured at Newhall by Deputy Ed. Farde, and would be at once returned to the city.

It is believed that Edelthum, as soon as he left Scriven & Quinlan's store, at once took a conveyance for some station outside the city, where he waited until the train passed up, as he left his truck and all of his clothes in his room.

Mr. Meyberg is of the opinion that his loss is comparatively light, as the greater part of the stealing, if not all of it, has been done within the past two weeks, when there was a change in the lunch hour, which gave Edelthum chance to make way with the goods, and it is more than probable that all will be recovered, as Edelthum, to shield himself, will tell where he has disposed of them.

**CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.**

The Usual Donations to the Permanent Exhibit.

The usual number of visitors found their way to the Chamber of Commerce yesterday and inspected the permanent exhibit. The following donations were sent in during the day: H. Stoll of Cahuenga, orange, quince, grapes and pears; J. J. Lindgren of Glendale, Bartlett pears, oranges, cling peaches, Salway peach; German Fruit Company, samples of nitrate of soda; W. R. Baker of Pasadena, case of assorted dried fruits, artistically arranged, giving a good illustration of California's fruit resources. This case replaces that taken out a few days ago that had been on exhibition over a year, the fruit looking as fresh as when first put in. Mr. Baker has a device of his own for drying his fruit. Mrs. A. W. Paxton, Florence, fall, pipin apples weighing 18 ounces; A. J. Spence of Long Beach, corn; C. H. Richardson, Japan plums, orange quinces; J. W. Miller of Artesia, Prizetaker onions, Rural Plush potatoes; W. R. Baker, lemon cling peach, plum almonds; C. B. Erskine of Tropico, peaches and grapes; J. M. Rickett, Whittier, corn 20 feet high on stalk.

**WANT A CHANGE.**

The Hill District Dissatisfied With the Ward Boundaries.

Among the petitions filed with the City Clerk yesterday was the following from the Crown Hills Improvement Society, which explains itself:

WHEREAS, the city charter provides as follows: "The city shall be divided into nine wards (then follows the boundary lines of the wards), and the Council herein provided shall have power by ordinance to establish and change the boundaries thereof whenever it may deem it expedient, but until changed by the Council the said wards shall remain as above described and established"; and,

WHEREAS, the wards as now established are very unequal in number of population as shown by the votes cast at the last sewer bond election, viz.: First Ward, 575; Second Ward, 1,022; Third Ward, 901; Fourth Ward, 792; Fifth Ward, 275; Sixth Ward, 297; Seventh Ward, 768; Eighth Ward, 731; Ninth Ward, 581; therefore be it

Resolved, that the Crown Hills Improvement Society hereby petitions the Honorable City Council of the City of Los Angeles to immediately redistrict the wards of the city so as to give equal representation to all portions of the city.

Man Drowned at Long Beach.

Last evening a telephone message was received from Long Beach to the effect that a man had been accidentally

drowned at that place during the day, but owing to the fact that the wires were working very badly the name could not be distinguished nor any particulars learned.

**A PATHETIC CASE.**

Death of an Infant on the Southern Pacific Overland.

Yesterday morning Coroner Weldon was notified that an infant had died on the west-bound overland on the Southern Pacific at Indio, Friday night, and that the body had been brought to this city. The Coroner did not think the case was such as to require an inquest, and authorized Health Officer MacGowan to make an investigation, and if satisfactory to him, to issue a burial permit.

It was found that the child was the three-month-old infant of Mrs. McAdiel, who was en route from New Orleans to join her husband in San Francisco. The child was taken sick on the train and died from a severe case of dysentery. Mrs. McAdiel was without friends on the train and had no money, and but for the kindness of a Chicago traveling man, A. R. Krum, who not only purchased medicines and assisted her in looking after her children, she having two others with her, but took up a collection among the passengers for her benefit, she would have suffered severely.

On this investigation Dr. MacGowan issued a burial permit, and the child was buried yesterday.

**THE SUPERVISORS.**

**Business Transacted Yesterday—Redistricting the County.**

The Board of Supervisors met yesterday, all the members being present.

The resignation of L. H. Jenny, Justice of the Peace of Wilmington, was read and accepted.

On motion, the Clerk was directed to send a copy of the notice for registration of voters to the various papers of the county and to ask them to publish the same at regular rates in a space not to exceed three squares.

Several representatives of the Democratic club of the city appeared before the Board and asked that the city and county be redistricted into precincts, giving as the reason that under the present arrangement there are many precincts which will include more than 200 voters. It was decided to lay the matter over until next Monday, the Board in the meantime to obtain the needed data to accomplish the redistricting. It was stated that the necessary changes would add at least 20 new precincts through the county at an additional cost of \$2,000. The law, however, requires that the precincts shall not contain more than 200 voters.

**FELL DEAD.**

Sudden Death of an Old Resident Near Compton.

Coroner Weldon went out to Harmony, about eight miles from the city, in Compton township, yesterday morning, to hold an inquest on the body of John S. La Motte, an old resident of this county, who died suddenly Friday evening. Mr. La Motte was around all day Friday, as usual, attending to his duties on his ranch. Friday night, after supper, he sat around, as was his custom, until about 9 o'clock, when he went into his bedroom. His wife was in the adjoining room, and Mr. La Motte called out to her to bring him his nightshirt, and almost immediately fell on the floor, dying instantly. Dr. McCarty held a post mortem in the afternoon, when it was found that death resulted from heart disease, and a verdict was rendered accordingly.

Mr. La Motte was 55 years of age at the time of his death, and a native of Canada. He was formerly in the employ of the Harper-Reynolds Company of this city, but some time ago gave up the position and retired to his ranch, where he has since resided.

**Building Permits.**

Only nine building permits were issued during the past week, aggregating \$5000, as follows:

Redondo Railway Company, frame freight depot, Del Monte street, \$2000.

H. E. Meyer, stable, Seventh street, between river and Boyle avenue, \$100.

E. G. Bosbyshell, addition to frame dwelling, 958 Orange street, \$300.

S. W. Day, frame dwelling, Twenty-third street and Grand avenue, \$2300.

A. J. Shaw, frame dwelling, Flower street, near Temple, \$1000.

John Lang, brick addition, 218 South Spring street, \$200.

Forthman & Bergin, stable, Banning street, \$200.

Mrs. Gertrude Hale, repairs for dwelling, 502 West Temple street, \$500.

W. S. Devan, dwelling, Grand avenue, between Fifth and Sixth streets, \$900.

**Dwelling House Burned.**

Yesterday afternoon about 2:45 o'clock a three-room frame dwelling, at the corner of Adobe and Bernard streets, owned and occupied by Jimmy McGuire, driver of horse cart No. 1, was completely destroyed by fire. It was necessary to lay over 1700 feet of hose to get water, besides which several sections burst, so that the engines were unable to do anything.

**Co-Operative Housekeeping.**

(Mrs. Emma P. Ewing.)

Many earnest thoughtful men and women fancy that co-operative "domestic labor"—as the large body of home work is inaccurately termed—would by some indefinable method lighten and elevate housework and in some inexplicable manner prove a panacea for inefficiency and slovenliness in the home. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore says: "The housekeeping of the future is to be co-operative," and Edward Bellamy tells us "our only salvation is in pushing forward to the co-operative Canaan that lies before us." But I cannot see it so. Co-operative housekeeping, in my judgment, furnishes no adequate remedy for the evils that overshadow the household. It can never reach the homes of the masses or carry relief to the great body of housekeepers. It can never bring assistance to the millions of families scattered all over our land.

**Dangers of Salt.**

(New York Sun.)

There is one caution to offer. However beneficial the therapeutic action of salt may be, there is no question but salt taken into the system with food in too great quantities is extremely harmful. It was the excessive use of salt, quite as much as the nervous strain of his campaign, that killed Horace Greeley, and there were those who declare that with many women the use of salt is a species of dissipation.

Too much salt in the system dries up the blood and the healthy moisture of the membranous surfaces, and is evidenced by a dead yellow pallor of the skin, with a blanching of the lips and cheeks and a morbid craving for the condiment which nothing but its use in enormous quantities will satisfy.

**Man Drowned at Long Beach.**

Last evening a telephone message was received from Long Beach to the effect that a man had been accidentally

**LAWN TENNIS.****Another Good Day's Sport at Santa Monica.****THE MEN'S HANDICAP SINGLES.**

Result of the First Two Rounds—The Ladies' Handicap—Presentation of Prizes—Handsome Trophies.

The handicaps singles at the Santa Monica lawn tennis tournament occupied the courts the best part of yesterday. The surprise of this contest has been the good form shown by Jardine line. The handicappers underestimated his ability, and at the present writing it looks as if Kenneth Carter and Jardine will have to battle for the first prize. The sets have been well contested throughout, it taking three sets to decide in nearly every contest.

The handicaps singles ended yesterday, the preliminary round resulting as follows:

Tufts beat Graetz, 6-4, 6-4; K. Carter beat Germann, 9-1, 4-6, 9-0; Church beat Chase, 6-3, 5-6, 6-3; Lester beat Daneker, 6-4, 6-3; Cosby beat Carson, 6-2, 6-5; Jardine beat Woodhouse, 5-6, 6-2; Barry beat Hart, 5-6, 6-2, 6-0; Van Doren beat Jones, 6-5, 2-6, 6-4.

The first round resulted as follows:

Tufts beat Graetz, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3; Kinney beat Wishire, 6-0, 6-3; V. Carter beat Routh, 6-4, 6-2; Church beat Lester by default; Jardine beat Cosby, 6-2, 6-4; Moore beat Waring, 6-2, 6-5. Barry and Van Doren have each won a set.

Owen and Moore have each won a set.

The conclusion of these matches finishes the first round.

The ladies' handicap was commenced yesterday, but only the preliminary round was played. Miss Shoemaker beat Miss Gilliland, receiving 30, by a score of 6-3 6-4. The following is the handicap announced by the handicapping committee: Miss G. Gilliland owes 15; Miss Shoemaker, scratch; Miss Waring and Mrs. Tufts receive two bounces; Miss Gilliland receives 30. This match will be contested Monday morning. The gentlemen's handicap singles will also be concluded, and the gentlemen's handicap doubles will also be commenced.

At the tennis ball Friday evening the feature was the presentation of prizes, which were awarded as follows:

Association singles, gentlemen—First, E. Cawston; second, W. H. Young.

Association singles, ladies—Miss G. Gilliland.

Ladies championship—Miss Carter.

Association doubles, gentlemen—First, W. H. Young and K. Carter;

second, Mr. Cosby and Mr. Chase.

Association doubles, ladies—First, Mrs. Waring and Miss G. Gilliland;

second, Miss Shoemaker and Miss English.

All-comers singles—First, Mr. K. Carter; second, Mr. Coulter.

Championship of California—R. P. Carter.

Mixed doubles—Winners of Tufts-Lyon trophies, Mr. R. P. Carter and Miss Carter; first prize, Mr. Cawston and Miss Cawston; second prize, Mr. Waring and Mrs. Waring.

There were about 50 couples present and the ball was voted a success by all. The tennis players wore sashes and bows, emblematic of their club colors.

TENNIS GOSSIP.

Walter Cosby is first favorite for the umpire's prize.

The scorer's prize is likely to fall to Stewart Kearn of Riverside.

There are 15 lawn tennis clubs in Southern California, as against three years ago.

The programme, though still unfinished, was admirably carried out during the week, thanks to the association's hard-working secretary.

William Corson, an amateur photographer, succeeded in taking a photograph of the tennis tournament on the day Miss Carter played Miss Gilliland for the ladies' championship.

The arrangement of a dual match for each afternoon in the week was universally appreciated and the means of drawing large crowds to the Casino, especially on Tuesday, for the ladies' championship.

The handsome silver cup presented by Mrs. Arcadia de Baker becomes the property of Robert Carter, who won the championship of 1890. The cup is the most valuable ever offered for a tennis medal in Southern California.

Miss Wright, Miss Edie Wright of Riverside, Miss Stoddart and Miss McClaron of Santa Barbara, witnessed nearly every match played at the Casino during the week, and were specially vigorous in their applause for the players bedecked with the white and blue.

At the annual meeting of the Southern California Lawn Tennis Association held last week at the Arcadia Hotel, the question of joining the newly formed Pacific States Association was discussed at length, and eventually referred for further consideration at some future date.

**BAR STORIES.**

Britons in the Ojai—"Roosting" in a Tree with Bruin on Guard.

A correspondent writes to THE TIMES: Some three weeks ago the residents of the quiet Ojai Valley were dazzled by the arrival of a couple of Englishmen from San Diego with a very expensive and complete camping outfit. They captured the hotel by surprise; occupied the long porch for half a day with their paraphernalia, and put on true English swell style. Obtaining two guides, they started for Pine Mountains with a solemn vow not to return without the killing of one bear—at least—it took two months.

Nothing was heard from the party for a week, but during that seven days old Sol got in some of his best licks, and the mercury rose accordingly.

Last Sunday afternoon the said residents were again surprised to see the same Englishmen camped on the front porch of the hotel, of sadder but not wiser countenance, but with no "bar" strain in their belts.

When asked if it was hot over the mountains, they answered with an offended air:

"Ot? no! 'Otter than 'ealthful."

On Monday they wended their weary way to Ventura and endeavored to steal a march on their unpaid guides by checking their baggage at Ventura and going out to Montalvo and boarding the train there. But the guides "caught on" to the game and levied an attachment on their fine outfit, claiming about \$75 due for services rendered and unrendered, having been hired for a six-weeks' trip.





## THE DEADLOCK.

## How to Cure the Conventional Constipation.

## ABLE VIEWS ON A TOTAL TIE-UP.

Numerous Political Physicians Contribute Their Opinions—Some Heroic Remedies Proposed—Bowers and Bile.

The Congressional situation in the Sixth District continues to be the all-absorbing question in Southern California. We give below a number of more or less able opinions on the subject culled from various sources:

## THEY STAND FIRM.

(Fresno Republican, Aug. 29.)

Neither Dr. Rowell nor his friends have at any time threatened or at any time used any other than the fairest means to secure his nomination. They have been firm and expect to remain firm. It is the view of his friends that no greater political mistake could have been made than to have adjourned at the time and under the circumstances that an adjournment was had last night. It was two hours before any proper time for adjournment. The notice came directly that Dr. Rowell must get out of the way or Fresno would lose the convention, but Dr. Rowell's friends showed their good sense and remained firm, and the threat was carried out. It is politically a dangerous stand to take that the city of the district where the convention is regularly called be deprived of the convention if it do not withdraw its candidate. Such a political act carried to its fullest extent, will destroy any party. Dr. Rowell's friends will remain firm and stand to the end. His candidacy will be pressed by all honorable means. His nomination is now doubly necessary. Will the mistake be rectified? That is the question. Let us act deliberately. The issue may mean the ultimate success or humiliation of the Republican party in November.

## A RAY OF SOLAR LIGHT.

(San Diego Sun, Aug. 29.)

The effect of this long fight and Mr. Bowers' final position in it has been such as to greatly weaken the Republican allegiance here to the Markham ticket. Los Angeles can nominate Bowers if she wants to, and ought to do so in return for the aid rendered her gubernatorial candidate at Sacramento. It is believed there is no judge Carpenter of Los Angeles that those rights would be accorded, and so he is held in large degree responsible for Bowers' failure to connect. It may be urged that Col. Markham could not assist Bowers without alienating Fresno and hurting Lindley's feelings. But Fresno is a Democratic county which Markham will lose anyhow, while San Diego is a Republican county whose 1500 majority may be essential to Republican success. And as for Lindley, his personal opposition to Markham, which failed to cut a figure when directed against his convention canvas, would be of no consequence whatever when opposed to his State campaign. Hence, as mere matter of good politics, it would pay Col. Markham to decide the contest in Bowers' favor. He can do it if he wants to.

## SHOULD BE NOMINATED ON THE FIRST BALLOT.

(San Diego Union, Aug. 31.)

The talk of the delegates to Fresno with the Union, upon their return last night to enjoy their recess at home, are given elsewhere. Two things are announced by them which will be welcomed. First, that they expect to nominate Bowers at San Buenaventura, and second, that "Colonel" Markham has acted at right toward Senator Bowers and San Diego."

The statement of Judge Luce, that the fight was not a Los Angeles fight against Bowers, but simply a fight of Lindley's proxies, and that there is no doubt about it, that the business men of Los Angeles are for Bowers, is reassuring and should be received in good neighborhood by San Diego. Under these circumstances, Markham will receive, as he should receive, the warm support of every Republican elector. With the expectations realized, of support for him from both the Rowell and Lindley forces, Senator Bowers should be nominated on the first ballot after the convention reassembles.

## MR. KEARNEY ON TREACHERY AND THINGS.

(San Bernardino Courier, Aug. 29.)

The Union this morning finds satisfaction in the fact that the deadlock in the Congress Convention at Fresno resulted in an adjournment to Ventura on the 4th prox, and thinks it means a victory for Bowers and will give him the nomination. The Union's hopeful spirit is not warranted by the facts; it seems to us, and in this case the wish is father to the thought. If this adjournment means anything at all it is the defeat of Bowers. Bowers has developed all the strength he can command, and the interval that will elapse before the Ventura convention simply affords Lindley and Rowell time to form new combinations. We say Lindley and Rowell advisedly, for the winning combination will be formed, it appears to us, without Senator Bowers having much to do with it.

In this connection it is proper to say something regarding the treachery of Los Angeles toward Senator Bowers. Opposition to the San Diego candidate was to be expected from the northern part of the district, but there is no justification of the course pursued by the Republicans of Los Angeles. The solid and constant support given Markham by the San Diego delegation at the convention was not an unimportant factor in securing that general's nomination, and because there was no written and properly attested agreement, signed and witnessed for Los Angeles to support Bowers is no excuse for the treachery of that delegation. It was tacitly understood, and among honest men that is sufficient. But honesty is not one of the virtues of the hog, we believe, and Los Angeles is a political hog through and through.

## A TWINKLE FROM A LITTLE STAR.

(Pasadena Star, Aug. 29.)

The Republican Congress Convention for this district adjourned last night to meet at San Buenaventura September 4th, having taken sixty ballots without making a nomination. For this disgraceful and altogether unnecessary result Los Angeles county is wholly responsible. Without her porcine interference either Senator Bowers of San Diego, or Dr. Rowell of Fresno would have been nominated without a wrangle, without injury to Markham, and a party feud that the next ten years will not eradicate, would not have been engendered, and for which the Star is in no way responsible.

## A SAN DIEGO ALDERMAN'S VIEWS.

(San Diego Union, Aug. 30.)

Alderman A. G. Gassen was pretty thoroughly tired out and had got into bed, but kindly consented, for the

"good of the cause," to talk to the Union. "When we first started in to vote," he said, "if we had got the full number of votes from the Los Angeles delegates that we had reason to expect, we would have had enough to nominate Bowers. The most we got was 22 and I am certain that the Los Angeles people never intended to let Bowers be nominated. Mr. Markham and his managers did not give what they had promised, which was to throw 24 to 35 votes to Bowers and to stay by it until the nomination was made. After the first ballot they went back on us and gave us from 8 to 18—never more than 18. When the proposition was made to adjourn, Copeland and I talked it over and consulted with our boys and as both our crowd and Los Angeles stood firm and there was no chance of getting anything from the Rowell faction to either side, we concluded it was best to accept the proposition to adjourn. We discussed it with the other delegations and all the delegations except Rowell's decided it would be impossible to agree on any one, so we adjourned to Ventura."

I believe that the adjournment will develop in Rowell's favor that by Tuesday evening I can tell who will be the nominee. I am certain that Bowers will be the nominee because the politicians of San Francisco and prominent men from various sections have written me and wired me that it is a political necessity for Bowers to be on the ticket, as they claim that Bowers' energy and work would gain 3000 votes in the district over and above what would, under ordinary circumstances, go to Markham. I have promised that San Diego would give Markham not less than 1500 majority, and I believe that Bowers will have 2500. Bowers is 3000 votes stronger in the district than Lindley.

As to Rowell, I am satisfied that he will not support Lindley, in fact I know the Rowell men are very spunk toward Lindley. All we ask is a square and fair fulfillment of the pledges that were made to us by Markham's men. Now I will tell you why I am satisfied that Mr. Bowers will get the nomination, because Mr. Markham cannot afford to go back on what he promised, and because when the Los Angeles delegations get back home and think it all over they will realize the folly of their position and go to Ventura prepared to do the proper thing.

The next meeting of the committee will be held in the office of James Burdette, in the Rogers block, on New High street, at 7:30 o'clock Friday evening.

I want you to say a good word, and a mighty good one, at that, for Judge Carpenter of Los Angeles. There is a man, every inch of him; he fulfilled everything that he promised, and did all he possibly could to get the delegation to stand by the pledges made at Sacramento.

There's Spence; Spence is another good one. Yes, you can tell the people that all our boys are more than ever determined and will camp at Ventura till the Steadfastness of ROWELL'S FRIENDS.

(Fresno Republican, Aug. 30.)

Friends of both Senator Bowers and Mr. Lindley have professed to feel almost incensed at what they deem the stubbornness of Dr. Rowell's friends in noting almost as a unit from first to last for their candidate. They must not forget, however, that it was always more persistent than anything else to the imperative necessity of at once taking steps to prevent contamination.

It was also resolved that all of the nine sub-committees should be re-organized and up to date, at the next meeting. These reports will form the basis of the report of the general committee, which will be submitted to a mass meeting, to be called in a week or two, when it is believed that some definite plan for future operations will be decided upon.

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I want you to say a good word, and a mighty good one, at that, for Judge Carpenter of Los Angeles. There is a man, every inch of him; he fulfilled everything that he promised, and did all he possibly could to get the delegation to stand by the pledges made at Sacramento.

There's Spence; Spence is another good one. Yes, you can tell the people that all our boys are more than ever determined and will camp at Ventura till the Steadfastness of ROWELL'S FRIENDS.

(Fresno Republican, Aug. 30.)

Friends of both Senator Bowers and Mr. Lindley have professed to feel almost incensed at what they deem the stubbornness of Dr. Rowell's friends in noting almost as a unit from first to last for their candidate. They must not forget, however, that it was always more persistent than anything else to the imperative necessity of at once taking steps to prevent contamination.

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### THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

A GREAT SALE FOR THE FIRST DAY OF SEPTEMBER.

The Special Sale of \$1.49 Dress Pattern Continues — Low Prices in Ladies' Underwear.

PEOPLE'S STORE, Sunday, Aug. 31, 1890.

Tomorrow is the beginning of a new month and with it we promise you one of the greatest sales you have ever witnessed. If you will just take a peep into our main window you can see a few of the goods. If you walk into our establishment you will see counter after counter laden down with the choicest of goods which we will offer you below any price you have ever heard of. In our ladies' underwear department you will find the finest of underwear at 43¢. In our dress goods department our special sale of dress patterns can not be equaled, in fact, in every department you will find the finest of goods at very small figures. Be sure to look over our very carefully and come in bright and early to make your selection.

#### Clothing Department.

Heavy cotton Socks, \$1.38 a pair; well made and durable, worth 25¢. Men's Brown Ties, 9¢ a dozen; worth 25¢. Men's perfume Ties, 9¢ a dozen; worth 25¢. Silk neck Scarfs, 25¢ each; all the new patterns and worth 50¢.

Silk four-in-hand Scarfs, 25¢; the handiest line ever shown and worth 50¢.

Men's flannel Suits, \$4.49; this is the greatest bargain ever offered and worth 50¢.

Boys' wool Pantaloons, 49¢ a pair; a good substantial gray material, either in medium or dark shades, wear resisting and worth 75¢.

Men's dark cassimere Suits, \$4.75; these suits are well adapted for business, very gentle, the best cut for a perfect fit and done for under \$5.25.

Men's business Suits, \$9.49; this is a special inducement. We have taken three of our best selling lines we have in the house and marked them at the uniform price of \$9.49. These are the most desirable business Suits the market affords, an elegant cut and a pattern which can be easily worn for dress, not one worth less than \$4.00, and many more.

Boys' sailor Suits, \$1.25; made of dark gray flannel, silk embroidered, a good serviceable Suit and one which cannot be duplicated elsewhere under \$3.00.

#### Jail Department.

Boys' cloth Caps 10¢ each, an assorted case color, and worth 25¢.

Boys' silk Hats 15¢ each, with 5-inch brim giving plenty of shade, the greatest hat for its purpose ever made, and worth 45¢.

Men's felt Hats 75¢, a fine soft hand-made fit, in both light and dark colors, the latest craze, and worth \$1.50.

Boys' cloth Hats 49¢, this is a fine dress hat with both medium and well-rolled brim, a hat which is sold the world over at \$1.00.

#### Shoe Department.

IT PAYS TO BUY SHOES AT THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

Infants' fancy Slippers 20¢ a pair, in either strap sandals or Oxford button, one of the noblest shoes for the little ones ever made, and worth 50¢.

Ladies' kid Opera Slippers 49¢ a pair, these are full leather lined, very easy and comfortable on the feet, very dressy and worth 50¢.

Children's dongoa spring heel Shoes 65¢ a pair, made with worked button holes, one of the prettiest shoes for the little ones ever made, and worth 50¢.

Children's pebble goat spring heel Shoes \$1.25 pair; this handsome button shoe is made of solid leather which insures its great wearing powers, its fit is beyond question, and worth \$2.50.

Misses' dongoa or plain dongoa kid spring heel Shoes \$1.39, we have sold hundreds of pairs of these shoes which have given the greatest satisfaction, not a pair has left our store under \$3.00.

Men's call Shoes \$1.88, plain or tipped, hook, lace and congress, made of good calf, all of which will withstand the hardest kind of wear, always looks neat, and worth \$3.00.

Ladies' glazed dongoa kid shoes \$1.98, common sense or opera last, a very dressy and at the same time serviceable shoe, one which you cannot help admiring and which we have reduced for today from \$3.00.

#### Dress Goods Department.

8 yards 35-inch wool Dress Goods, \$1.49 the suit.

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That the public appreciate a bargain when they see one, is well proven yesterday when we started our sale of these goods. As always, our supply was large; had it not been so there would have been none left by evening, as it is we will still continue the sale. Tomorrow, therefore, if you have not bought a dress pattern, don't fail to come and get one, as it will be your last opportunity to buy 8 yards of 35-inch wool suitings in the latest colorings at \$1.49 the suit.

Fancy woven striped Suitings 50¢ a yard, a good wearing material and will give good satisfaction and worth 15¢ a yard.

Gray and brown double-fold mixed Suitings 15¢ a yard, these goods will make you a nice dress and are actually worth 25¢ a yard.

Black Rhabdam \$1 a yard, the most exquisite silk ever manufactured and one that cannot be duplicated under \$2.50.

#### Domestic Department.

Bleached Cotton Flannel 55¢ a yard worth 50¢.

Bleached Muslin 6¢, remember this is a yard wide, worth 10¢.

Checked Nainsooks 65¢ a yard in large and small checks worth 10¢.

Apron checked Ginghams 65¢, good and strong and worth 10¢.

French Shirting Percale 65¢, a large variety of patterns, worth 10¢.

French Oxford Shirts 25¢ a yard, the best of material and worth 12.5¢.

Dress Ginghams 13 yards for \$1.00, a full assortment entirely new goods and worth 12.5¢ a yard.

Outing Flannels 12.5¢, fancy stripes just received and worth 20¢.

Bleached Turkish Towels, 15¢ a good size and worth 50¢.

Linens checked Dollies 25¢ a dozen, worth 50¢.

French Flannel Suiting 49¢ a yard in exquisite patterns and worth 75¢.

Navy Blue Flannel 25¢ a yard, just the thing for bathing suits and worth 50¢.

Turkish Towels Sheets 95¢, an elegant size and worth \$1.75.

#### Underwear Department.

Ladies' Muslin Underwear, 45¢ each.

Ladies' Muslin Underwear, 45¢ each.

We are showing the largest, most complete line of ladies' underwear you have ever seen.

This line comprises Skirts, Chemise, Drawers, Gowns and Corset Covers, all at 45¢ each, and the same are to be had in a month. They are made of the best of muslin, handsomely trimmed, a large variety of patterns. It certainly will puzzle you to pick out the prettiest, as one is handsomer than the other. Do not fail to visit this department, for you will be well repaid by doing so. We have made ample preparations to have you purchase and depend upon, and even if you do not care to purchase, come in and look at what we are offering in this department.

Oil silk Bathing Caps 45¢, perfectly water proof, worth 75¢.

Ladies' White Aprons 45¢, the handsomest ever shown, worth 75¢.

#### Food & Beverage Department.

Colored satins Parades \$1.49, an elegant satin in all colors, worth \$2.25.

Black satin Parasols \$1.39, as pretty a Parasol as you would wish to carry, worth \$2.75.

Black silk Parasols \$1.75, either with gold or silver handles, a good wearing silk, down from \$2.75.

Fringed silk lace trimmed Parasols \$2.50, very handsome, for beach purposes it has no equal; would be considered cheap at \$4.

#### Jersey Department.

Navy blue blouse Jerseys 95¢, this pep-

lar style is in great demand, very dressy, worth \$1.75.

Black blouse Jerseys \$1.25, made of the finest Jersey, elegantly ruffled up, worth \$2.75.

#### Drapery Department.

Pearl's Soap, 12.5¢, worth 25¢.

Langtry Curling-Irons 25¢, worth 50¢.

Carter's, Ayer's and Warner's Pills 12.5¢,

worth 15¢.

Foron Plasters 10¢, worth 25¢.

Tube Vaseline 5¢, worth 15¢.

Horn dressing Cream 5¢, worth 15¢.

Toothpicks 5¢ a box, containing 2500, worth 15¢.

Rubber dressing Combs 10¢, worth 15¢.

Oil and Vaseline Soap 15¢ per bar, worth 25¢.

Mottled Castile Soap 15¢ a bar, worth 25¢.

People's Store Chemical Olive Soap, 10 bars for 25¢.

Liquid Camelline 5¢, worth 50¢.

Saunders' Face Powder 5¢, worth 50¢.

Bristle hair Brush 25¢, worth 50¢.

#### Laces & Hosiery Department.

Ladies' fancy striped Hose 10¢ a pair, a pair, worth 25¢.

Children's fast-black, derby-ribbed Hose 10¢, good, strong and durable, worth 25¢.

Nottingham Lace Tights 12.5¢, elegant patterns, good size, worth 25¢.

Children's oil-boiled Hose 10¢, the best hose to buy for the boys, hard to wear out, worth 25¢.

Large Bed Spreads 95¢, in handsome Mar-sailes and honeycomb patterns, elegant raised centers, worth \$1.75.

Scrub Brushes 10¢, worth 25¢.

4-piece Coral Set 25¢, worth 75¢.

Best steel Hammers 35¢, worth 75¢.

Hand Saws 25¢, worth 75¢.

Brace 40¢, worth \$1.

#### Drapery Department.

Lace striped Scrims 75¢ a yard, in wide or narrow stripes, made especially for window drapery, worth 15¢.

French Lap Robes 95¢, elegant striped patterns, large sizes and very heavy, worth \$1.25.

Large Bed Spreads 95¢, in handsome Mar-sailes and honeycomb patterns, elegant raised centers, worth \$1.75.

#### A. HAMBURGER & SONS.

#### ADVERTISING.

### CATARRH.

Throat Diseases, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption successfully treated by

**M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.D.**

M. C. F. S. O.,

By his Medicinal Inhalations and Compound Oxygen Treatment.

CATARRH.

Catarrh is often regarded by the patient as a cold in the head, and he often expresses his astonishment at his remarkable tendency to catch colds. Indeed, he decries the fact that he is scarcely free from one cold before he takes another, and he is always exceedingly careful; but he is also a master of surprise to him self, for he is not only a master of surprise to his head and throat.

At times the symptoms of catarrh seem to abate, and the patient is led to hope that the disease is about to wear off; but no other class of symptoms soon appear and he learns to his horror, that instead of recovery from the first cold, he has only exchanged it for another, and that this second cold is even more severe than the first.

Children's fast-black, derby-ribbed Hose 10¢ a pair, never to be sold under \$2.50.

Ladies' braided Jerseys \$1.75; very handsome, some cut in the most approved style; worth \$3.00.

Colored Jerseys 95¢, the greatest bargain ever offered; down for tomorrow from 95¢.

Woman's Silks \$1.15; they can be had in all colors; just the thing for evening wear; worth \$1.75.

Lace Pillow Shams 38¢ a pair,astonishing how they can be sold at this price, never to be sold under 75¢.

Ladies' real lace thread Hose 25¢, times hose manufactured, never made to sell under 50¢.

Lace striped Hose 25¢ a yard, in wide or narrow stripes, made especially for window drapery, worth 15¢.

Turkey red Torchon Laces 25¢ a bolt, an elegant trimming, hard to duplicate at 25¢.

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**Illustrated  
FOUR-PAGE  
Supplement.**

**The**



**Times.**

NINTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1890.—TWELVE PAGES.

**SECOND PART.**

PAGES

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PRICE: Single Copy 5 Cents.  
By the Week 5 Cents.

**WOMEN OF SARATOGA.**

How They Dress and What They Are Doing.

**THE BELLE OF THE ROAD.**

Mrs. George H. Wheelock, Mrs. W. Lyles and Mrs. Rhodes Play the Races—An Expressive Supper.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY BACHELOR & CO.]  
SARATOGA, Aug. 30.—Women come to Saratoga to dress. Men come to play the races and gamble. If it were not for the piazzas and the hope for the women and the race course and the faro tables for the men, Saratoga would be a dull place. The women change their costumes three, four and five times a day, and seem to try to make the hotel piazzas vie with the most artistically arranged milliners' or modistes' windows.

There is more chance here for a display of costumes than at any other summer resort. They dress for the Springs in the morning, then again for the races later on; after the races they appear in another costume to go driving and in the evening they wear still another for exhibition. The young girls here this season affect a sweet simplicity in their array. They wear short-waisted dresses with scanty shirts and sashes tied up under their arms. The material spared from the skirt is apparently put into the sleeves, which are very large and full. These simple gowns are made of muslin, China silk, or crepe de chine, and are quaint and charming in effect. To their mothers and their elder sisters are left the elaborate costumes of silk and lace with their gorgeous effects. This is rather a sensible arrangement because the young girls have the good times dancing and driving, while the older ones sit around the hotel piazzas and the sides of the ball-room.

Among the young people, one who has caused somewhat of a sensation here is Miss Henrietta W. Dall. She is a very pretty girl with sparkling blue eyes, clear complexion and light brown hair. She is of medium height, with a slender though well-rounded and graceful figure. Miss Dall is one of the best dancers in Saratoga this season. She has a sweet and gracious manner and is thoroughly unspoiled by the attention she has received. This is Miss Dall's first season at Saratoga. She is very young and full of life.



Miss H. W. Dall.

As one of her admirers recently expressed it, "she seems constantly bubbling over with fun." Miss Dall is a Brooklyn girl. Her father lives on Sixth avenue, near Garfield place, and is a wealthy merchant. The costumes she wears are very artistic. Among them may be mentioned one of Nile green silk with an overdress of crepe de chine, having a border of violets around the bottom of the shirt and the edge of the low-cut corsage. Another of pink mouseline de soie, with garniture of morning glories, was very becoming to Miss Dall's style of beauty.

Each hotel of course claims to have the belle of Saratoga. The belle at the United States is Miss Anita Berwind. She is the daughter of the wealthy iron merchant of that name in Philadelphia. She is a petite blonde, young and very pretty. Miss Berwind dances like a fairy, and is, of course, in great demand at the hops. She has three things in her favor. She is pretty, clever and her father is very wealthy. She is probably the wealthiest belle at the Springs. Among her admirers are Walter P. Bliss, the son of George Bliss, Vice-President Morton's partner and Mr. Robert L. Cutting, Jr., of New York. Miss Duffy, the daughter of W. R. Duffy, one of the wealthiest men of Rochester, is the belle of the Grand Union. Miss Duffy is extremely popular with the young men at the Union in spite of the fact that she does not favor them very much at the hops. She is a girl of medium height, slight in figure and very stylish. Her eyes are of a bright blue and her hair chestnut color. She is passionately fond of music, plays and sings, is a good artist, and can speak several languages fluently. She enjoys riding and is usually seen in the afternoon on the avenue with her father and her brother.

Walter P. Bliss is said to be the most accomplished firls in Saratoga. The girls are perfectly wild to receive a little attention from this favored young man, and he seems to delight to tease them. At a hop recently Walter met his match. The story goes that he was paying particular attention to Miss Annie Lamont, a pretty, prettily-looking young miss who is staying at the States with her mother. Her home is on Fifth avenue, New York City. Mr. Bliss tried to engage her in conversation, but all he could get out of her was a yes or no. He seemed to be somewhat discomfited. He was more so when a young gentleman asked Miss Lamont to dance, and she very promptly accepted the invitation, leaving Mr. Bliss with a laugh that meant mischief. When the dance was ended and the gentleman brought her back to her seat she completely ignored Mr. Walter P. Bliss, but engaged in a very animated conversation with her late partner. Mr. Bliss, unaccustomed to such treatment, played with his slight mustache for awhile and then stalked across the room and out on to the balcony. Several times he looked in and watched how things were progressing. Although Miss Lamont knew what was going on, she chatted

away as unconcernedly as possible. After standing it for about half an hour Mr. Bliss suddenly appeared, and in a most determined manner stalked across the room, stopped in front of Miss Lamont, and in the most authoritative manner he could command, said: "Come here!"

"What is it?" demurely inquired Miss Lamont.

"Come out here and dance!" thundered he.

Miss Lamont meekly responded, but anybody who had seen her face at that moment knew that she was conscious of having scored a good point.

It is worth a visit to Saratoga to see the driving on Union Avenue every day afternoon. The avenue is crowded with swell equipages that are probably only surpassed by those seen on Bellevue avenue, Newport. Handsome women in beautiful costumes make the scene a gay one. The proper thing to do is to drive out to Moon's, get some light refreshment there and return. The distance is eight miles there and back.



Miss Giulia Morosini, the daughter of Giovanni Morosini, Jay Gould's late partner, is certainly the belle of the road. She also has a pair of high-stepping bays, harnessed to a tandem T-cart, and she handles the reins with such skill that many veteran drivers might easily take points from her. Her usual companion is her father. In fact, it looks as though her parents do not mean to give her a chance to follow the example of her sister, for either her mother or her father is constantly in attendance upon her. Sometimes she drives a pair to a driving phaeton and occasionally she is seen on horseback, but not very often. Miss Morosini is a handsome blonde, with a plump, well-rounded figure. She is bright, a good conversationalist, and very fond of teasing the young men who attend her on the piazza.

Mrs. George Hankins, the wife of George Hankins, of Chicago, drives a very handsome phaeton drawn by a pair of bay horses. The carriage is painted black, picked out with yellow. Mrs. Hankins, too, is very fond of wearing a black costume with yellow trimmings. Her husband owns a large racing stable, and black and yellow are the stable colors.

One thing that the young people do, and which would doubtless shock their parents if known, is flirt on the road. It is quite the fashion here for two young girls to drive together in a dog-cart or buck-board. When they drive for style, they take the public roads to the lake or to the Spouting Springs; but when to flirt, they choose Woodlawn Park or some quiet thoroughfare. Should two young men drive along in a carriage then the fun commences. After teasing and bantering one another from the two carriages a change is made. One of the young ladies will leave her cart and join one of the young men in the carriage, while the other young man takes the vacated seat in the dog-cart, and the two couples will then drive off for an afternoon by themselves. They arrange to meet at a certain spot before going home, and there's a change back made. Quite a code of signals is arranged with the whip, which is in constant use.



Mrs. W. W. Lyles.

Three ladies who are seen together at the races each day are Mrs. George H. Wheelock, Mrs. W. W. Lyles and Mrs. Rhodes. They are always full of fun, and on account of their being together so much they have been called "The Three Graces." They play the races for a little, usually making up a pool of about three dollars between them.

Mrs. Wheelock is from Chicago. Her husband is a large stockholder in a new racing association which has been organized. She is a tall, stylish-looking woman and a good type of the Irish beauty which one reads about so often in the Duchess's novels. She has a fresh, rosy complexion, big gray eyes fringed with long, dark, drooping lashes, and hair of so dark a brown that it looks like black. She is causing quite a sensation here by the number of elegant costumes she has worn. Many of them she brought back with her from Europe in the spring. Mrs. Wheelock attends all the hops and has not been seen wearing the same costume twice. One of the handsomest of these is a peach blossom silk with an overdress

of white crepe de chine, and low corselet fastened at the shoulders with diamond crescents. Mrs. Wheelock is a very graceful dancer and exhibits her handsome costumes to great advantage. Her driving phaeton is a very stylish one, and is drawn by a handsome bay horse which she calls Blaine. One of her most striking driving costumes is a yellow China silk. With this she wears a big leghorn hat trimmed with black velvet and yellow crepe de chine.

Mrs. Lyles is from Covington, Ky., and is one of the prettiest women on the grand stand. She is tall, slender and graceful, with pretty blue eyes, brown hair and a pink and white complexion. She always dresses in excellent taste and frequently drives with Mrs. Wheelock in the afternoon. One of Mrs. Lyles' favorite costumes is a blue China silk with which she wears a large blue bow.

Mrs. Rhodes is from New York. She is a widow and has with her son, Jackson, a boy of 16. She is a bright, vivacious little woman and is dressed in a blue and white striped dress.

of white crepe de chine, and low corselet fastened at the shoulders with diamond crescents. Mrs. Wheelock is a very graceful dancer and exhibits her handsome costumes to great advantage. Her driving phaeton is a very

**THE SUMMER HOTEL.**  
Howard Fielding Tastes Its Delights.

**AUTOCRATIC HEAD WAITERS.**  
He Observes With Pain the Decline of the Hotel Orchestra, and Furnishes Feet for a Grand Tableau.

[COPRIGHT, 1890—FOR THE TIMES.]

I have just served a sentence of two weeks and three days at a summer hotel. I will not state where the hotel is, but the climate of the place was said to be a sure cure for a large variety of ailments, none of which I had ever had before I went there. During my stay, however, I enjoyed them all. The landlord told me that nothing but the salubrity of the place saved my life. I shall never impose the same strain on that climate again, for I do not wish to spoil it.

The early part of my term was passed practically in solitary confinement. Nobody but the head waiter paid any attention to me, and I should have been much obliged to him if he hadn't. He appeared to have reserved a table in the dining room exclusively for people of no account on earth, and I was one of them, in the head waiter's warped and dislocated judgment.

There is nothing so corrosive to a man's self esteem as to find himself classed way down in the subcellar of the social category—down among the men who order the whole bill of fare, and the women who publicly quarrel with their husbands in order to remove injurious suspicions from the mind of the observer—to be classed, I repeat, by a gentleman of color who wears a dress suit at breakfast time. But I

have just served a sentence of two weeks and three days at a summer hotel. I will not state where the hotel is, but the climate of the place was said to be a sure cure for a large variety of ailments, none of which I had ever had before I went there. During my stay, however, I enjoyed them all. The landlord told me that nothing but the salubrity of the place saved my life. I shall never impose the same strain on that climate again, for I do not wish to spoil it.

The "hop" is not what it was.

As for that, I have a theory that the generation which succeeds our children will be too lazy to dance, and that signs of the decay of this exercise,

which kept our grandmother merrily skipping about until daylight, are not wanting even now. However, far be it from me to force the results of my own deep research upon a world which cannot appreciate me. I will say only that the hops at our hotel this summer were failures. So, in the last week of my stay, they got up some tableaux by way of variety. As I was known to have perhaps the most refined artistic taste of any man of my weight in America, I was selected to arrange the display. The belle of the hotel (through her mother as mediator) volunteered to take part. There were nine of her, and would have been more if I had not stuck up a notice in the office saying that the entries for that evening were closed.

The next day I was approached by Mrs. A., mother of Miss Birdie (one of the nine). Mrs. A. tapped me playfully on the arm with her fan and inquired

never could get up the courage necessary to resist the head waiter. When he beckoned to me I invariably fell humbly into his wake, and then he steered a straight course for the chumpe's table, where I was served by a girl with hair so red that when she brought me roast beef I knew what must have been the color of the old car horse it had been cut off of.

I tried getting there earlier in order to eat before the chumps arrived, but no sooner did I reach my place that I observed in the doorway the melancholy countenance of the lonely young man who did not wear cuffs. When he had seated the young man the head waiter at once returned to the door and brought in the husband who palpably regretted his choice and the wife who was the ample sufficient cause of his remorse. Close upon them came the widow with the youthful daughter whom she was conspicuously training in her own deplorable table etiquette, and the remaining chumps trod upon each other's heels in their haste to be fed.

Then I tried coming late, but the chumps were also unavoidably detained on that occasion, and we were all fed from the same trough as usual. One day I summoned up all the nerve I had left and asked the head waiter to give me another seat. He said: "Yes, sah; dis way, sah," seated me in my old place, and escaped. I hadn't the moral courage to move. That afternoon I asked the clerk to make the head waiter change my seat, and he promised to do it. At dinner time my dusky brother obeyed the instructions he had received. He took me to another table, and then brought all the chumps over there, too.

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## Saunterer

It is a delectable sight to the eye of the average citizen to look upon the improved "park" by the side of our new City Hall. The green, springing blades of grass, the magnolia, the palms and the cedars all lend a beauty of their own to it, and brighten what was before dust and desolation.

It is to be regretted that we have not more of these breathing places scattered through the city. We ought to have them, just a little square, if it embraced no more than a single lot, set to trees, grass and flowers, and scattered here and there along the city's streets, they would add marvelously to its beauty. That is what makes Washington the glory of American cities. Every few squares and you run upon a bit of nature, a pretty reservation that delights with its refreshing greenness and shade.

I think that the world is growing wiser and that the cities of the future will have these garden spots everywhere. That's one thing I admire in old Nebuchadnezzar. There wasn't space enough in populous old Babylon for all the gardens he desired, and so he set to work and had built those marvelous hanging gardens whose beauty and loveliness have become a matter of history.

I should not desire to have him take a hand in modern affairs, unless he would confine himself to parks and gardens. Under those circumstances I should not object, for then I should expect to see our parks multiplied indefinitely. The old fellow would make Los Angeles the wonder of the world.

\* \* \*

But why cannot we, profiting by the long centuries of experience the world has had since his time, go to work and do something for ourselves? I must confess to the indulgence of a little contemptuous impatience when I consider what we might have, and then look upon what we actually possess in the way of parks. In a few years we could have something better than New York's grand Central Park, if we would only set about it in earnest. Fifty varieties of trees will grow here where one will grow there, and every shrub and plant that thrives under the sun would flourish in our soil. Can we not find some modern Nebuchadnezzar that will interest himself in this? I wish we could.

\* \* \*

I saw two small carts full of happy children the other morning. There were two children in each cart, a big melon, and a boy at each handle of the small vehicles. The children were to have a picnic on a vacant lot, and what a feast those two good-sized melons promised. With a yell that would put to blush the liveliest Apache war whoop, the youngsters started, the small boys drawing the carts prancing like untamed colts, but pressing steadily forward to the feast. They could have told you that life was worth living. Not a doubt of it would have been found to exist in their minds. They were as contented as happy birds on Valentine's day. Life was full of gladness for them.

\* \* \*

After I left them I came up town and there I was reminded of the contrasts that life presents. I ran across a poor, sad-faced looking creature, whose mind had evidently been utterly wrecked. She was not old yet her face looked faded and worn her garments were poor and her thin, nervous limbs were weak with incessant motion. She was muttering incoherently to herself as she passed along the sidewalk, and, finally, she stopped in the door of a business house, and in her eyes was a far-away look which told that she saw nothing of the busy life about her. She was in the world, but not of it, drift on a wide, wide sea without chart or compass. Wasn't there a contrast?

\* \* \*

A gay little miss, clad in dainty garments, was walking grandly along one of our streets a few days since. Her hat was trimmed with white, and underneath its broad rim flowered her long, lasson curls. Her dress was spotless and the broad, ribbon sash was bright, and the light breeze lifted it gently as if it loved to toy with its silken folds. But looking carelessly about her the little maiden at length made a misstep and down she fell. "O dear, everybody sees me," she exclaimed, as she got up; "it makes me shamed." A little newsboy standing near heard her mortified exclamation, and said to his chum:

"Guess she thinks nobody never fell before. Mebbe if she sees me tumble she won't feel so bad." And with that he ran onward, and just in advance of her down he went flat upon the floor. The little miss forgot her own trouble at the sight, and running to him she said:

"Poo boy, is you hurt?"

"Not much," he replied, "but folks has to be awful careful on these streets or they gets left, don't they?"

Brave little newsboy, you were a real burden bearer, and you made her forget her fall utterly.

*Two Paris Fashionables.*

(Baby's Letter to Chicago Journal.)

If a Frenchwoman is informed that the Duchess d'Uzes or Prince de Sagan has had costumes like this and that they stood without a complaint while they were pinned and basted, then she feels that she has made a success. These two women, more than any others in society, set the stamp on special fashions, and each is as eccentric as possible. The Duchess d'Uzes is said to be a direct descendant of Louis XIV and Mme. de Montespan, and this may account for some of her eccentricities. She is devoted to hunting and is said to possess the finest stock of stag hounds in France, while it is announced that she can drive a four-in-hand with as much art as any man. Princess de Sagan is a little different, being essentially a woman of the

world, and, what is more, a most charming hostess. Her costumes are the delight of Paris, for when she is driving, the smallest shopkeeper, out for holiday, feels a personal pride in her and her appearance that is as odd as it is admirable.

## FRESH LITERATURE.

**THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.** A DICTIONARY OF ARTS, SCIENCE AND GENERAL LITERATURE. Tenth Complete Edition, edited by THOMAS SPENCER HAYES, LL.D., and W. ROBERTSON SMITH, LL.D., assisted by 114 Contributors. Ninth Edition. (For sale by Stoll & Thayer, Los Angeles.)

The value of a full and comprehensive encyclopedia is known to every literary worker. It is like a great library in itself, so carefully arranged that we know just where to turn for the information which we seek. Of all the encyclopedias known to the public the "Encyclopedia Britannica" has always stood at the head, as the crowning work of English literature. But its great price has heretofore prevented its ownership by the masses. It is a work that the poor student and scholar and the literary worker have coveted but been unable to possess. The price has placed it beyond their reach. But this age of progress ways and means are usually devised to overcome such difficulties. The world must have books, and no good library is now regarded as complete without its encyclopedia. Stoll & Thayer, our great enterprising booksellers, have made arrangements which made the "Encyclopedia Britannica" within the reach of every family in Los Angeles. They have a new and popular edition which is perfect and exact reproduction by this new process, of every word and illustration of the expensive original, page for page—a volume differing only in size and shape, but far more convenient for use, and more durably bound, than the English original. It is a handsome, extra durable volume, in genuine English cloth, double-hinged, flexible back, and on fine super-sized and super-calendered book-paper, with colored maps, plates, illustrations, index, marginal references (the only American reproduction having them) and maps of each State and Territory, which are larger, later and more accurate than those of the original.

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With this great work, the Bible and Shakespeare, the student has an epitome of almost the whole of knowledge that is desirable.

**LOOKING FURTHER FORWARD.** By RICHARD MICHAELES, Editor Chicago Frele Press. An excellent book for young people. An Edward Bellamy (Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. Publishers). For sale by Stoll & Thayer, Los Angeles.

The author of "Looking Further Forward" has an object to attain in giving his work to the public, no less than had Bellamy. What that object was he gives in the following concise statement:

"By demonstrating what would be the logical conclusion of Mr. Bellamy's story I propose to show that the first steps to establish absolute equality and then, despairing of success, advocate an inequality in many respects more extreme than the present state of things. I intend to demonstrate that under the regime proposed by Mr. Bellamy, favoritism and corruption would be very potent factors in public life. I expect to set forth that personal liberty would fare so badly in Mr. Bellamy's United States that the proud and independent American people would never tolerate such a system, and to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the people would be much poorer in Mr. Bellamy's condition of affairs than at the present time."

The work is well worth perusing, and many will think that the writer has accomplished all that he undertakes to prove.

## JAPAN'S NEW CIVILIZATION.

**The Wonderful Progress on the Populous Islands.** (New York Star.)

I had a long and agreeable chat with Maj. George Richards, who is interested in mercantile pursuits in Yokohama, Japan, at the Fifth Avenue the other evening. Maj. Richards has just arrived here from Japan by way of San Francisco, on business connected with American enterprises in the land of the Mikado, where he has been a resident, off and on, for several years.

"Within the last 25 years," he said, "Japan has made giant strides in material improvements, thanks to American enterprise in that region and the natural desire of the people and the government, backed by intelligence among all, to advance with the nations of the world. Unlike the Chinese, their civilization is progressive, and not crystallized. For the last four years we have had in Japan a military school, modeled after West Point, where young officers are thoroughly instructed in the art of modern warfare, while, at the same time, they are taught English, German, French and Chinese, the latter on the principle, probably, on which German soldiers learn French. The troops are now being armed with the Lebel rifle, firing smokeless powder. The principal instructors in this new army of the Mikado are American and French officers, and in appointments and discipline it is worthy of every praise.

"The Japanese navy now contains a number of steel cruisers and torpedo boats, and its wooden vessels are being rapidly retired from service. The instructors on the training ships for officers are mainly former officers of the British and American navies. When one of those training ships visited San Francisco a few years ago the 'track charts' of the young cadets were the admiration of the officers stationed at Mare Island, who declared that nothing better could have been turned out by the boys at Annapolis.

"As to education, there is now a law making primary instruction obligatory, and providing for primary and grammar schools. In addition, there is a school of law, well attended, and a school of medicine, which has today over 300 students. The professors in these schools are mainly Frenchmen."

"What is the status of Japan in literature and fine arts?" I asked.

"Literature and the theater, as we understand these subjects, are in their infancy, though Japan has a literature and a drama all her own. With the increase of education we may hope to see an appreciation of the French and American stage. Just at present the fine arts are neglected in Japan, and there is but little encouragement for an artist."

**Its Excellent Qualities.** Command to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Fig. It is pleasing to the eye, and to the taste, and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectively, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

**ASK YOUR GROCER FOR Highland, Un-sweetened Condensed Milk. Delicious for coffee, fruits, ice cream, desserts, etc.**



**On the coast of the Atlantic.**  
In a manner quite romantic,  
By each wave a star, where the  
soft waves break and swirl  
with a warmth at every greeting.  
Hammock-resting, lotus-eating,  
Now you meet in rich profusion, the sweet  
sea-side summer-girl.

**II.**  
Or she loves the sparkle ocean,  
But she has a secret notion.  
That there's something even better than the  
surging, breezeful sea:  
"The Lady, howe'er you may be  
the lawyer, clerk or drummer,"  
Who may pay her daily homage, and become  
her blotted part.

**III.**

In Bar Harbor and in Newport,  
To see this girl is true sport.  
At Cape May, Long Branch, Long Island and  
And a thousand other places,  
You shall see her dear face is  
And can woo, and coo, and court her—go  
ahead and do not fear.

**IV.**  
Yet returning to the city,  
("With an eveninging of '90,")  
She won't know you in the autumn, or in  
winter's social reign;  
But so long as she is charming,  
There need be too alarming.  
You can find her next summer, and do  
copys again.

**V.**

But she sometimes shakes you frantic,  
This sweet girl of the Atlantic.  
For she holds the quivered arrows Cupid  
packs up in his bag,  
And she's fond of dancing.  
She will set your heart a-prancing,  
And suggest a score of fancies that 'twere  
better not to know.

**VI.**

How she throws herself before you,  
At the sea will not ignore you—  
Only ask her to sail, take a ride or eat  
ice cream.

And you'll find her true and steady,

Never faltering, ever ready.

And she'll be your life, ecstatic, beyond  
your utmost dream.

**VII.**

Never mind the menu talk;  
Of you, if you have "sheke's,"

She will be a whole year's earnings, without  
sorrow or aile;

for this wonderful creation,

Fills a fellow's brain vacation.

And you'll have to labor and get back  
your cash anew.

**VIII.**

You're never poor nor need tarry,  
'Tis not you she wants to marry—

She's only made for pleasure, just to put  
you in her awfully scuffers.

Do you mind the scurvy scuffers,

Take the game for what it offers,

And you'll have fun enough to pay you with  
the luscious girls!

—[J. E. Benton]

**Organization in Great Disasters.**

[Popular Science Monthly.]

There are several measures not strictly sanitary, but most necessary, to which the sanitarian should give heed before his own special work occupies his attention. If the officers of the district have been lost, or in any way rendered inefficient, a strong government must be at once organized, and the district placed under efficient police control, that lawlessness and anarchy do not prevail. At Johnstown the people named a "dictator," who decided all questions of government and kept the region in order. The districts which lawlessness produces must not be tolerated. The organization of relief corps to succor the injured and dying, and to organize temporary hospitals should receive next the attention of the sanitarian. So soon as the government is assured and temporary relief is progressing satisfactorily, he may advise the proper committee as to what will be needed in the way of food, clothing, shelter and medical stores. These will be required in large quantities; but in the United States, at least, we can safely rely upon the country at large to supply these things properly. For shelter, tents can be had from the State Governors by applying to them.

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## PARIS IN LATE SUMMER.

Shopping in the Magazins  
and the Bazaar.

## AN ENGLISH SPEAKING STREET.

What France Is Preparing to Send  
Us for Autumn Fashions—A  
Return to Restoration  
Styles.

[COPYRIGHT, 1890—FOR THE TIMES.]  
PARIS, Aug. 20.—One of the sights of Paris is the spectacle of Americans shopping. The Avenue de l'Opéra has become practically an English-speaking thoroughfare, and a person whom one meets every bright afternoon is the thin, nervous-looking husband who calls after his somewhat more substantial spouse as she disappears through an enticing doorway. "Now don't be gone long, dear." In numerous instances "dear" gets no further than the doorway, where she is met by a smiling salesman of whom she asks the price of a fan, and hearing that it is 22 francs, shakes her head despairingly and resumes her promenade.

In truth, Paris prices have become quite American, and, however it may be with the veteran shopper, the ordinary tourist can frequently get more for her money in London and do best of all—at home. Yet they are enticing, the jewelry shops in the galleries of the Palais Royal, and the grand magazins de nouveautés, covering acres of ground and barbarically splendid with the riot of color of their gildings, their stained glass, their great central domes and their labyrinths of galleries hung with gay Japanese umbrellas and Eastern rugs and curtains. Americans know best the Bon Marché between the Latin Quarter and the Faubourg St. Germain, from Zola's descriptions, but the grand Magazins du Louvre are bigger, and the Magazins du Printemps more splendid, and in all of them one of the most noticeable departures from American shopping customs is found in the greater number and the greater ease and confidence of the men who frequent them. All of them have reading rooms, which are luxuriously furnished and in which you find habitués of both sexes letter writing as much at their ease as at a café. Most of the great bazaars have wine buffets and refreshment rooms where one may eat and drink without money and without price and in every way they offer tempting bits of local color to the foreigner.

Window decoration is a branch of dry goods art in which the Parisians do not rank high. The use of color they understand to perfection, and the eye is caught now by a mountain of blue glass handkerchiefs, now by many square yards of contrasted pink and square figures, but such window pictures as are the pride of New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia stores and are panoramic in the complexity of their display are on this side of the water almost unknown.



chiefs are in the most delicate cobwebby silk, painted instead of embroidered, and lace trimmed. A pale mauve is cut in deep points and edged with black lace. A faint rose color has exquisite rays of goldenrod in its four corners, the plumy tips spreading toward each other in the middle. A dusty blue has a fine wreath of heather entirely covering the edge, and the long points are worked in gold to match the wiry foliage. The luxurious underwear that is filling up the trunks of many pilgrims to this Mecca of fashion is the shiest and most gauze-like muslin, pure white, cut in deep points about the bosom and embroidered with tiny stars or with star-like flowers, oftenest in white or white sometimes in pale pink or blue. No previous lingerie had been carried to such a daintily luxurious extent.

The thick guaze ruches that are worn about the neck and tied with the "follow-me-lads" will last until the weather becomes too rough for them. They are coming out in black and brown, with edges of gold thread, to correspond with the darker frocks soon to be put on.

That woman is a rara avis who has visited Paris without making herself acquainted with the entresol on the Rue de la Paix, on which the magic name of Worth is inscribed. Worth does not always wear the peculiar velvet-faced dressing gown and the Tam O'Shanter cap in which he is pictured as receiving his obedient subjects. When I met him on the street this afternoon his slouch hat and large white silk tie and loosely fitting coat gave him somewhat the appearance of



Coming flounce and festoon.

a prosperous British butcher on a holiday. Mlle. Louise, his chief assistant, tried on for me yesterday a few of the etherealized faille dresses. A dinner dress of Sevres blue silk was richly effective, made with a straight skirt, but not at all in the narrow fourreau style of the past season, having far more fullness, and trimmed with several straight bands of Sevres blue velvet, embroidered with scattered rose buds, commencing at the waist and extending down the skirt. The corsage had the cherubic corsette, which is a small edition of the Medicis, and a frilled belt of cloth of gold, fastening with a large rosette behind.

For Mlle. Jeanne Hugo, granddaughter of the poet, and a very handsome young woman, was an afternoon dress of a new shade of vieux rose silk shot with gold. The skirt, pr dicting the ruffles and flounces, which it is to be feared, are surely coming to cover our gowns with most unnecessary drapery, had a gathering volant of black silk lace circling the hem, with a thick ruche at its head, fastening here and there with black ribbon bows. The corsage was draped with four pieces of lace, broad on the shoulders and ending at the belt in a point. In the back the lace simulated a Spanish jacket around the arms.

For the same pretty Frenchwoman and foreshadowing in the same way the return of the fashions of the restoration was an evening dress of a bluish white silk, draped with silk gaude of the same shade arranged in festoons, with a rosette at the top of each scallop, and having a full gauze chemise and puffed sleeves. Mlle. Louise pointed out the sleeves with a little smile. "They much become Mlle. Hugo, and so M. Worth gave them to her costume; but of them we shall make this winter very few. Before many months all sleeves will be flat, close-fitting, violin;" and she brought out for inspection one of Worth's latest designs, a rich costume for Mme. Waddington in a delicate lime-blossom brocade, with heavy train. An apron of lace in a pattern of deep points and scallops covered the front over maize-color d satin, and the bodice with its

wide ruffles of black net, dotted with the immense green spots which are the moment's craze. "Convulse" shapes are seen, everywhere contorted, twisted turned up in the back to an enormous height and coming down over the eyes, which are often shaded by a violent of real lace, as costly as it is filmy, lightly gathered and falling down from the brim. Bunches of wheat straw are laid flat on the brims of these enormous head coverings, mixed sometimes with feather sprays of golden rod and asters. The Americans look and exclaim, but they do not often buy. They know that what seems the very desire of their hearts when they purchase it in Paris has often, when they don it on the home side of the Atlantic ferry, a look that is extreme. Besides it will be too late to wear any but fall styles on their return. So they ask to be shown the earliest cool weather fashions, and there are brought out for inspection little gray felt turbans and large quaint hats of brown beaver coming to a point in front, turned up behind and having black swallows posing and tilting just over the eyes. Some of the winter hats bid fair to be as fantastic as those with which the warm days are ending.

Virot has a model with a higher crown than any seen during the summer and a wide, straight brim around. I saw it this morning in a silver-colored felt with standing bows the back a flight of birds, with wings of fawn color and pale green. Another winter model turned up in a loose roll at the back and in front curled like the petal of a rose. It is most effective seen in profile. In white felt it is very quaint, trimmed with long ostrich feathers, shading from deep petunia to palest mauve, which softens the outlines of the crown and on the left side down over the hair.

So long as the American is in the land, so long the counters are piled high with special offerings in handkerchiefs and neck ruffs in muslin and gauze. The prettiest new handker-

chiefs are in the most delicate cobwebby silk, painted instead of embroidered, and lace trimmed. A pale mauve is cut in deep points and edged with black lace. A faint rose color has exquisite rays of goldenrod in its four corners, the plumy tips spreading toward each other in the middle. A dusty blue has a fine wreath of heather entirely covering the edge, and the long points are worked in gold to match the wiry foliage. The luxurious

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THE DRESSMAKERS AND MILLINERS ARE SNIPPING AND STITCHING, AND BY AND BY YOU WILL GO TO BED ALL UNPREDICTED, AND WHEN YOU WAKE YOU WILL SEE FROM YOUR WINDOW YOUR PRETTY NEIGHBOR, WHO THE NIGHT BEFORE WENT IN ALL SIMPLICITY AND QUIET AND DEMURE LIKE A QUAKERESS, COMING OUT FLOUNCED AND BURSTLED AND FULL AND FURBELLOWED. CASCADES OF LACES AND RIBBONS ARE WHAT THE FUTURE HAS STORED.

ELLEN OSBORN.

## HUMOR.

The time that is money must be time and again.—[Puck.]

A Pittsburg tramp called his shoes corporations because they had no soles.

It is having the wind blow them up that makes the waves so wild.—[Puck.]

She started the fire with kerosene, Blew up and hasn't since benzine.

—[Philadelphia Times.]

Earth has no greater joy than the discovery of a quarter in a cast-off life.

The crank is the fellow who is always trying to put a balance-wheel on somebody else.—[Galveston News.]

Pale Youth (to dusky brother)—Wouldn't I be a fool to fight wid you, anyhow? If I gave you a black eye it wouldn't show.

Mr. Corn is a prominent politician in the West, but, of course, he would not stand much of a chance with Mr. Hogg of Texas.—[New York World.]

THE FAVORITE COLT.

Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just. Six times he who gets his blow in first, And nine times he whose adversary's bust, And ten times he who in a coil doth trust.

—[Texas Siftings.]

Mrs. Brown—I wonder who wrote up this account of the President's carriage? Mrs. Malaprop—Some hack writer, of course.—[Harper's Bazar.]

"What's this?"—"That's your condensed milk."—"But I ordered a quart; that's no quart."—"Yes it is. It's a condensed quart."—[Harper's Bazar.]

The Retort Courteous: Adams—Well, Jones, been getting drunk again? Jones, angrily—That's my business. Adams, pleasantly—So I understand.—[Life.]

Anxious to Please: Housekeeper—Have you any red raspberries? New clerk—N—o, mumb; but we have some rather red blackberries.—[Street & Smith's Good News.]

SUMMER RESORT DELIGHTS.

From summer haunts folks homeward go, Denuded of their skeleks, And all the benefit they show Is crops of tan and freckles.

A Great Name: Manager—What is your name? Appellant—Mulligatawny. Manager—You're engaged. We need all the experienced supers we can get.—[New York Herald.]

Anxious to Please: Housekeeper—Have you any red raspberries? New clerk—N—o, mumb; but we have some rather red blackberries.—[Street & Smith's Good News.]

KNOWS HIS PLACE.

I'm her husband, she's my wife, I keep her busy, you bet your life; We got a little cottage, several children, too; She makes the fire, and I get up When she Gets Through.

—[Washington Post.]

A Powerful Instrument—Acquaintance—I hear your sister has a new piano. Is it like the other? Little Boy—Not this one in a piano forte. You just ought to hear her bombard.—[N. Y. Weekly.]

The Government telegraphic service of Great Britain transmits on an average 1,588,270 words a day to the newspapers, "That accounts for it," said Cynicus. "I've always noticed that the English newspapers are very wordy."

Won't Last Long—"Mamma, do you know, now that we are engaged, sometimes actually get tired of George's being everlastingly around the house every evening, as he is." "Don't let that worry you my dear; marriage will cure him of that little fault, along with many others."—[Philadelphia Times.]

Always Right.

Don't take on so, Hiram. But do what you're told to do;

It's far to suppose that your mother knows. A head won't mend more than you.

I'll soon see th' wassa, qu' te;

But the easiest way.

When she's yer mother is right.

Is reckon yer mother is right.

Courted her ten long winters— Saw her to sing a solo;

With a smile down over spell to town;

I cried like a durn'd fool;

Got mad at the boys for callin',

When I spoke her Sunday night,

But she still shan't know.

A thing or two.

An' I reckon yer mother was right.

I courted her till I wuz arsing—

And she wuz past her prime;

I'd have died guess if she hadn't said yes;

When I spoke her Sunday night,

She said she'd never take me

If I hadn't stuck so tight—

O in d dat we?

Could never agree,

And I reckon yer mother wuz right.

—[Eugene Field.]

Plymouth Rock.

Here on this rock and on this sterile soil,

Began the kingdom not of kings but men;

Began the making of the world again.

Here on this rock and from the hither brink

Whence all world reached and raised an old world.

It is here revived, in spite of sword and stake,

The old world's freedom of the Wapakone.

Here struck the seed—the Pilgrims' rootless town;

Where droll rights and equal franchises were set,

Where droll was writ of privilege and crown;

Where human breath blew all the idols down;

Where crest and caught, where virtue were won;

And common men began to own the world!

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Nasturtiums.

Golden nasturtiums grow,

My window box with graceful vine;

The saucy blossom, one by one,

In mock defiance to the sun.

The sun, high in the sky, yells,

The flowers, with a grace,

That's magic! wrought.

Deep within the blossoms thought

Danced in colors gay a fin?

Playful, gay, gay, gay,

That when evening shadows fall

From portion to garden wall,

Each blossom is a face,

And each a rose and a grace

Of dainty fairy, elf or sprite;

And far into the starry night,

Each flower is a jewel should be,

Will bear them to a wish with glee;

But in the morning they will seem

So stale, you would never dream

A word of truth was in thy rhyme,

So, farewell! th' i'nto time.

—Vick's Magazine.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

[Earnest McGafer.]

His was a dreamer's spirit; inward turned

His visionary gaze with prophet gaze

And dreams of gods and full of stars;

Stars unknown by scholars are discerned

Through science introspective; deeply



**Sorbet**

During the past week quite a number of society people have returned from the seaside resorts, but they have been exceedingly quiet and nothing in the way of social events of importance has been reported. The various social clubs are beginning to reorganize and in the course of a few weeks the chances are that the fall campaign will begin.

#### SURPRISE AND MASQUERADE PARTY.

The deafmutes of Los Angeles do not allow their deprivation to hinder them enjoying social and intellectual recreation, which some think is monopolized by those possessing all their faculties, and impossible with deafmutes.

They have an association among themselves for their religious, moral and intellectual improvement, and fully appreciate their advantages. They carry on their conversation and intercourse by the sign and finger language, and receive their instruction through that channel of communication.

Last Saturday evening, a week ago, they determined to give their missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. T. Widd, who are themselves deaf mutes, a surprise and masquerade party. They gathered together from all parts of the city and suburbs at Mr. Widd's residence on Vermont avenue, and surprised him completely. The ladies wore masks and were dressed in very grotesque attire and the gentlemen disguised themselves beyond recognition.

Mrs. Hobday née Miss Cassagne, represented a Japanese lady of rank; Mrs. N. V. Lewis, a lady of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Kingsbury's attire was an imitation of a farmer's wife, Mrs. W. Ward tried hard to be the old woman who lived in a shoe; Alex. Houghton, the "grandold man." Among the Los Angeles mutes was a monk of the middle ages. Henry Dornbusch wanted to represent Sindbad the Sailor, and William Ward was an apple peddler. The others dropped in in their ordinary apparel.

After a good deal of amusement and games—music being out of the question—they sat down to a sumptuous repast and enjoyed themselves till midnight. The next day being Sunday, they were all at their places for divine worship, and listened with their eyes to an eloquent sermon appropriate for the occasion.

#### THE OCCIDENTAL CLUB.

The Occidental Club gave its first regular meeting of the season at the home of Miss Maud Newell Friday evening. The programme consisted of instrumental music by Misses McKee, Pearson, Connor, and Mr. C. Wilson, and the tableaux of "Blind Nydia," represented by Miss Hattie Pearson, "Pease," Miss Mabel Morgan, "Folly," Miss Minnie Morgan. The drama entitled, "You Must be Dreaming," was given by the following ladies and gentlemen: Misses Maud Newell, Florence Longley, and Messrs. R. Klages and A. Tutthill.

Dancing was then in order. Those present were Mesdames Pearson, Newell, Pinney, and Misses Maude Rees, Newell, Pearson, McKee, Longley, Blake, Morgan, Pinney, Flora Pearson, Brotherton, Dacy, Connor, Ward, and Messrs. Wankowski, McStay, Tutthill, Klages, Longley, Moore, Barber, C. Wilson, Boldt and E. Wilson.

#### A PLEASANT REUNION.

A pleasant reunion of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Brown assembled at their hospitable home and enjoyed a sociable evening last Wednesday.

Several fine musical selections were rendered by guests, and particularly enjoyed were those rendered by Miss Brown of Americus, Georgia.

The following were present: Miss Blanche and Sue Beville, Miss Tedford of Santa Ana, Miss Maggie Brown, Miss Brown of Americus, Ga., Miss Johnson, Miss Reynolds, Miss Anita Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Day, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Pitman, Mrs. C. O. Brown, Mrs. Widney, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Tedford, Messrs. Vance, Hack, Darlington, Brenner, Brown, and Widney, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Brown, Anita and M. F. Brown.

#### A PARTY ON RAILROAD STREET.

Miss Mary Jones gave an enjoyable party to her friends at her home on Railroad street, last Wednesday evening. Refreshments were served, and dancing was kept up until a late hour. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Peebles, Mr. and Mrs. Snell, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Longstreet, Misses Elvira, Adrena, and Mamie Smith, Flora Wallace, Nora and Nellie Griffen, Mollie and Annie Morris, Nellie Pike, Mollie Gardner, Mamie and Estelle Lawson, Addie Neustedt, Mary Armbuster, Mary Doyle, Annie Talbert, May and Kathie Jones, Messrs. Peachy, Faulkner, Gidrich, Callaway, B. P. Campbell, W. Keene, Jones, Arkle, Myers, Clune, Hine, Morris, Golo, Lindsay, Brown, Rusche, Bert Jones, McNemey, Crowell, Van Tress, King, Lisle, Lewis, Ed Arkies, Sullivan, T. Colby.

#### FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION.

Union Hall, 1700 Grand avenue, was well filled Thursday evening, it being the occasion of the regular monthly social of the First Christian Mission. Those making up the personnel of the programme were Mrs. J. R. Sanderson, Misses Bertha Owen, Anna Toler, Gracie Bainter, Blanche McCormack, Messrs. J. H. McGowan, L. F. Shepard, W. Toler, Hilldrith, the Latanson Mandolin Club and Master Artie Bell. The social part, after the programme, was highly appreciated by the young people.

#### FAREWELL PARTY.

A farewell party at Mrs. Jacobus's, on Friday evening, was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season, where many of the friends of Miss Myra and Agnes Jacobus came together to bid them good-bye before their return to New York to complete their course of instruction at college. The following were among those present:

Mr. Phillips, Mr. Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Combs, Mr. Parker, Mr. W. H. Kennedy, H. C. Daniels, H. Sovereign, Will Spruce, Dan Harrison, Mr. Leed, B. C. Arnold, Mr. Smith, Miss Barracough, Miss Anna Johnston, Miss Josie Johnston, Miss Mamie Thompson, Miss Della Holden, Miss Mamie

Fallen, Miss Millie Eaton, Miss Della Dockstader, Miss Goodill.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Mr. Deterre and family have removed to San Diego, which they will make their future residence.

Miss Etchamenda, who has been on an extended visit in San Francisco, returned home last week.

Sherman Powell has returned from his mountain trip—minus his mule, but with a plentiful supply of deer.

Miss Minnie Angell has gone to San Francisco to join a party of friends for a six weeks' trip through Oregon.

Francisco Estudillo returned home last week after attending the convention, and spent a few hours in this city.

Mrs. M. E. Phillips of Tustin returned home last evening, after a pleasant visit with relatives at Monrovia.

Prof. L. Loeb will reopen his musical studio in the Bryson block, assisted by Miss M. A. Wagner and Miss Jaccard, in September.

Mrs. J. C. Newton and daughters, Mrs. Frank J. Hart, and Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Whitney, are enjoying the ocean air of Santa Monica.

C. L. Brush left yesterday for Portland, Or. Mr. Brush has been investigating Southern California with a view of speculating in real estate.

Mrs. Clarence Mylrea, wife of the well-known banker of San Bernardino, is a guest of Mrs. T. Riley during the tennis tournament at Santa Monica.

Misses Gussie and Louis Foss have returned from the beach after a vacation of two months, part of which time they spent hunting deer in the Santa Monica Mountains.

Mrs. M. Mendelson of Capistrano, came up last Tuesday to have another operation performed on her arm. She is staying with her niece, Mrs. Shlesinger, at the Templeton.

Prof. M. S. Arevalo returned yesterday evening from most enjoyable vacation in the mountains. He is much benefited from the rest. Prof. Arevalo will resume his classes at his studio on September 1st.

Miss Brown, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Brown of this city, leaves for her home in Americus, Ga., tomorrow, after a delightful visit with relatives, and a pleasant tour of Southern California.

Prof. Loring, of the noted Loring Club of San Francisco, who visited friends in Los Angeles last week with Miss Loring, left yesterday for home. Mr. Loring will conduct the concert in the city to be given by the Loring Club.

Phil Jacoby, one of the best amateur musicians in this city, has entered into competition for the prize to be given in San Francisco for the best amateur composition. His piece was played recently at the Baldwin by the Baldwin Theater orchestra and well spoken of.

A birthday party was given Miss Nellie Dale, at her residence, on Maple avenue, near Thirty-first street, last Tuesday. Among those present were: The Misses Minnie and Sadie Rumpf, Rose Coulson, Carrie Arrison, Carrie Wagner, Bell Rupp, Annie Sharp, Lillian Rhodes; Messrs. Will Cross, Eugene Soule, Joe and John Smith, House, L. Kennedy, B. Wilkenson, S. Jessop and R. Gates.

#### ALHAMBRA.

Following upon the divergence in a social way, which the entertainments of last week created, quiet again succeeds. The greater number of sojourners are still at their summer abodes, and several weeks will probably elapse before all return home.

R. S. Stoneman was in town Sunday. Mrs. George Phillips was up from Long Beach Monday.

Mrs. Waldo Johnson and family have returned from Redondo.

Robert Morehead and sisters left yesterday for a short stay at Catalina.

Misses Grace and Myrtle Green are visiting Mrs. Gray at Santa Monica this week.

Miss Jones of Sierra Madre has been the guest of Mrs. E. L. Mayberry during the past week.

C. E. Jones, R. Devereux, E. L. Mayberry and A. S. Halsted are camping in the vicinity of "Old Baldy."

Mrs. Broadwell of Los Angeles, who has been visiting Miss Lillie Shankland, returned to the city Wednesday.

Dr. Lane, Mrs. Johnson and Misses Green, Halsted, Brunson and Wallace of the Alhambra Tennis Club, constituted the delegation that attended the tournament at Santa Monica Friday.

#### MUSIC.

Summer Work and Winter Preparations in the City.

"Music has tones for the most delicate shades of feeling, thoughts, even accidents and occurrences of life."—Schubert.

Mr. J. C. Dunster, who had charge of the music in the schools, and was also a chorus leader, is still abroad, and it is rumored, will remain through the year.

Miss Jennie Winston, who has so long been connected with the Cathedral choir, will soon join that of St. Vincent's. Those who have the music in charge are gathering together a body of fine and reliable singers, and something notable will be expected of them in the coming season.

Mrs. J. D. Cole will give her fortnightly pupils' recital on next Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Misses J. H. Liszt's strange and wonderful "Lorelei," and there will be duets, trios and other solo work.

#### MR. AND MRS. MODIN-WOOD.

Mr. and Mrs. Modin-Wood are always most generous with their aid for charity or church. Last week they arranged a most successful concert at Santa Monica for the benefit of the church fund of the Presbyterian Church. In spite of the counter attractions at the Casino and the excitement of the tennis tournament, the concert proved attractive.

Some special music will form an attractive part of the meeting of the Oxydine Club tomorrow night at Miss Lockhart's. That wonderful young literary lion, Rudyard Kipling, is the subject of the evening's paper, but music will also have its share. Miss Lockhart and Miss Winston will sing, Mr. Elmer Wachtel and Mrs. M. A. Larabee will play de Beriot's ninth concerto for piano and violin, and Miss Conger and Mrs. Larabee will play some Spanish dance music for four hands.

St. Vincent's choir, as now reorganized for the winter's work, consists of the following members:

Sopranos: Miss J. Winston, Mrs. B. Stanley, Miss N. Moore and Mrs. M. M. Cannon.

Alto: Miss M. Rohr, Mrs. J. J. Schallert and Mrs. J. Alton.

Tenors: Mr. C. J. Ellis, Mr. C. S. Walton and Mr. J. J. Heyes.

Bassos: Mr. F. A. Walton, Mr. J.

Alton, Mr. J. J. Schallert and Mr. F. Wiesendanger.

The choir have also added masses by Cherubini and Schubert to their repertory of over twenty works of the classical composers.

At the 10 o'clock service on Sunday Sept. 7th, Haydn's "Imperial" will be given, also a trio by Verdi.

#### WOMAN AND HOME.

Mothers, teach your children to be observing, to look with wide-open eyes upon nature. I am surprised to find how many people there are who live day by day almost totally oblivious of their surroundings. They know in a general way that the sky is bright and cloudless, the trees green, and that the world here is pleasant enough, but they take note of nothing more. They are not fond of details. How much of beauty they lose.

The world is like a fresh painting to me every day. What a charming picture I have before me now. I am lying in my hammock. The blue sky is over me and the shining sun. Just beyond me is a majestic pepper tree. I can see the blue of heaven between its parted boughs. How its leaves shimmer in the light, and sway gracefully in the stirring breeze. The birds fly from out its heart into the boundlessness of the bright air. How different the eucalyptus is majestic. It rises strong-limbed to the skies. It lifts its head far above our lower levels, and the sun shines on its crest long after the shadows have veiled the valley.

Flitting near me now are two orange-winged butterflies. What gay little wanderers they are—making their bold and unhesitatingly through the wide fields of sunshine. They fly in company, stopping now upon the tip of a low orange bough and then flying away, I know not whither.

And here comes a gray "devil's darning needle," with his face turned southward. His gay wings have the color of the rainbow. He does not look like a creature of darkness or of evil.

And the flies! how happy are they and how soft the buzz of their light wings! What a silent world this would be were it not for all the innumerable life that makes melody about us!

I like to watch the gay insects, for they help to make up the sum of gladness which we find in this joyous outer world.

A myriad of them make perfect melody. I know the stillness of the world where they are not, for I have sat on the rocks under sub-arctic skies where the stillness made me feel the awful solitude of utter silence.

Over the side of my porch is growing a green vine. It sends out fresh stems and tendrils every day. I can almost hear its pulsing life, and I perceive a tremulousness, a sort of growth, all along its length. It will not be longer by several inches tomorrow than it is this morning. It reminds me of Jonah's gourd, so rapid is its growth.

And here goes a flight of pigeons. They are swift-winged and are soon out of sight. And now down drops a little sparrow from the house top, and again come my gay-winged butterflies fluttering from flower to flower. And there is a little brown-winged and brown-breasted bird. Just a moment it stops to rest upon a leafy bough, and send forth a ripple of song, and then up and away again. Life everywhere is awake in nature and is full of motion. Activity is a law of this big outer world. And what lessons we may learn from it; what beauty find in it everywhere, if our eyes are taught to see and ears to hear.

Mothers, train your children so that they shall not be blind to all that is in this marvelous world about them. Train them so that they shall not be absorbed with the petty affairs of existence, but so that their thoughts shall go out wherever the bird flies, and the bee hums, and God's glorious sunshines smiles.

#### NOTES.

SPONGE GINGERBREAD.—Three cups flour, one cup molasses, one of sugar, one of sour milk, one heaping tablespoonful butter, two teaspoonsful saleratus, two teaspoonsful ginger, two teaspoonsful cinnamon.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup sour cream, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of flour, and flour to make thin batter; bake in jelly tins. For frosting between the cake, one cup sugar, four teaspoonsful of sweet cream, put in cup and set on boiling water till thick; spread between the cakes.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Rub a teaspoonful of butter with a teaspoonful of flour and stir it into a half-pint of boiling sweet milk; mix into this put eight beaten eggs, stirring it till thick; season with pepper and salt, and pour into a frying pan in which has been put a small lump of butter or lard, and cook slightly.

CORN MUFFINS.—Two eggs and two tablespoonsfuls of sugar beaten together. Add one and a half teaspoonfuls of yeast, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking soda, and one and a half teaspoonfuls of oil.

POLENTA.—Boil a pint of corn meal in a quart of water, add a pint of milk, and a dash of salt; boil until thick; add a dash of pepper and a dash of nutmeg.

CHOCOLATE.—Boil a pint of chocolate in a quart of water, add a pint of milk, and a dash of salt; boil until thick; add a dash of pepper and a dash of nutmeg.

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